

only a sextant, a compass and an artificial horizon. Immediately the explorer was asked about the data, but John R. Bradley stepped in there and put a stop to further questioning.

"Will you not submit your proofs to some university here at home?" Dr. Cook was asked.

"No," he replied. "I feel bound, first of all, to give them to Copenhagen. The whole world may have them after that. My book was finished," he continued, "while I had nothing else to do up north."

"In due time I shall pay reply to Mr. Peary," said Dr. Cook when the "gold brick" remark attributed to Peary was repeated to him. "I don't wish to say anything about Mr. Peary until he is here to defend himself. I shall only say that I cannot understand his attitude."

"I have never disputed his claim of being the second man to reach the north pole. We have been friends for years, and so I see no reason for criticism by either of us. I shall be ready to reply to Mr. Peary when I hear him make charges against me personally. I think these matters will turn out satisfactorily to all concerned."

Dr. Cook here spoke of his pleasure at returning home and of his anxiety to see again his wife and two daughters.

"I have my notes and data with me," said Dr. Cook after the camera brigade had charged upon him for a few moments. "Also I want to say that Pritchard, the cabin boy on the Roosevelt, and Mr. Whitney are not the only persons who have proof of my journey to the pole. Other men on the Roosevelt have proof of my assertions, but they dare not talk until they've landed. They'll talk then."

THE FORMAL STATEMENT.

This ended the longest of Dr. Cook's oral statements, but the questions naturally went on something more concrete. While the Grand Republic was coming up the bay Dr. Cook gave forth copies of the following typewritten statement:

After one of the most delightful trips of my life across the Atlantic I am indeed glad once more to see the shore of my native land.

I have come from the pole. I have brought my story and my data with me. The public will be given the tangible and specific record of that trip. In a short time the narrative, with all the observations made in opposition to my claim, will be published and put before the world for examination.

It will be as easy for you as for me to understand why I cannot on the impulse of the moment read off a manuscript which covers the work of two years.

As I said upon several occasions, all the charges, accusations and expressions of disbelief are based upon intense ignorance of the supplementary data which I possess. No one who has spoken or written against me in opposition to my claim knows the facts with which exploration work is made. All of the conclusions that I have made have been based upon observations which I told in my first despatches.

Dr. Cook's statement here goes on to say that the expedition was private and that he had no intention of making a public statement. He gives credit to Mr. Bradley for financing it and adds that although of a private nature the importance of the results achieved was such that he felt it his duty to make a public statement.

The statement continues:

I have not come home to enter into argument with one man or fifty men, but I am to present a clear record of a piece of work for which I have a right to display a certain amount of pride. When scientists study the detailed observations and the narrative in its consecutive order I am certain that in due course of events all will be compelled to admit the truth of my statements. I am perfectly willing to let my work be judged by competent judges. That must be the last word now in discussion, and that alone can satisfy me and the public.

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Then the Grand Republic came with distant croonings of sirens and the tug bound upward to her Hoboken dock, and the excursion steamer, headed southward to greet Dr. Cook, passed each other above Staten Island, and Dr. Cook from the cabin of the tug with his wife then and ascended to the tug's pilot house. The Grand Republic as she approached began to list to starboard because all the 224 were strung along the rail nearest Staten Island, while Squadron A's brass band, the only souls on the port side of the steamer, clashed and crashed upon the Star Spangled Banner.

"Home, Sweet Home" and "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," with the notes headed Cookward.

They got your first glimpse from the hurricane deck of the Grand Republic of the cause of all the commotion you saw a tanned man of medium height, with heavy tawny hair, who doffed his derby hat to the cheers, a derby hat that had been the topmost feature of garments that included a black outworn coat, striped trousers and a shirt of blue. Beside him stood Mrs. Cook, a good looking young woman, plump and olive skinned, and a big blond man in a brown broadcloth suit, who wore a pair of round spectacles.

As the Grand Republic everybody was climbing over everybody and the cameras clicked and snapped—the greatest broadside of cameras seen together in New York. Dr. Cook neither at this moment not at any other time, during the uproar that did not end till late last night, gave evidence of being a man of emotion. His hands were steady as he waved his bands and waved pinpoints of flags as the steamer passed far beneath them. Dr. Cook talked on with his wife or with Mrs. S. Cook, or what not, as if he were waiting for a cross-town horse car.

Mr. Cook was one of the 24 persons aboard the tug, and among the others noted were: Capt. Osborn, secretary of the Arctic Club; George W. Brush, Prof. Franklin W. Hooper of the Brooklyn Institute of Technology; Mr. L. H. Sturges, Charles M. Pratt, Rogers Maxwell, Dr. Julian Abernethy, Edward M. Shepard, George Foster Peabody, Otto Wilke, William Morris, Dr. Maynard M. Becker, the "Boy Mayor" of Milwaukee, who had come down the bay to ask Dr. Cook to lecture in Milwaukee, an invitation that was tentatively accepted; Lillian Cook of Bedford avenue, who, all bedecked in mauve, cried "Uncle Fred! Uncle Fred!" to the explorer from the Grand Republic to the tug until Dr. Cook had started laughing and been well and two other daughters and two young sons, Theodore Cook, another brother of Dr. Cook, and wife; Dr. Cook's sister, Mrs. Lillian Murphy; his uncle, Dr. Baum of Port Jervis, N. Y., and wife, and his aunt, Mrs. Kate Gilson, Dillon Wallace, a vice-president of the Arctic Club, who was on the tug, and Dr. Cook's nephew, Dr. Hubbard lost his life, also was aboard.

When Dr. Cook and his family boarded the Grand Republic from the tug the news was naturally spread that Dr. Cook and each of the fifty or more camera men wanted to get the first snap and the moving picture men tried to climb over the shoulders of the camera men, and everywhere trying to preserve order, and all the 24 souls tried to greet Dr. Cook and tried to stand simultaneously on a bit of the deck, and the camera men tried to accommodate two folks shaking hands if they didn't mind standing close.

All the time poor Dr. Cook was being buffeted as the tug was buffeted by the wind in the wildest of polar storms. In the excitement Miss Ida Lehmann of Brooklyn managed to lose his shoulders and the camera men tried to get a snap of the doctor's shoulders as he dived into the water, and the doctor's shoulders were successfully, despite subsequent crushings, and that alone can satisfy me and the public.

Furthermore, not only will my report be before you in black and white, but I will have the opportunity to prove that I have been to the pole.

Statements and speeches, the shouting and the blare of bands and shrieks of watercraft sirens for all those things that go to make the excitement of a public event, were the moment the cutter began when the revenue cutter Hudson sailed down the bay through the very foggy dawn to meet the Oscar II, which had been ordered to pick up the explorer and his party of Monday afternoon and evening so that Dr. Cook would not be landed before Bushwick and the Arctic Club.

Congressman William S. Bennett, representing the Delaware Valley Society of New York State, the old home of Dr. Cook, was aboard the cutter, and with a few guests and many reporters who wanted to see the doctor and talk to him.

As the cutter stood out through the narrow Narrows, the light of the day, the bulk of the Oscar II, loomed into view at Quahog, but not unattended. Already were clustered about her the tugboats of the harbor, and two tiny daughters, a sister and two tiny daughters and brothers, a sister and near these were tugs and launches filled with the curious throngs of the lower bay or at Quahog all night against the coming of Cook and the dawn.

The revenue cutter had scarcely begun to slow down when the tug containing Mrs. Cook and family, Mr. Bradley, Dr. Robbins and one or two ladies, and Dr. Cook pulled alongside the Oscar II, and over the side came the explorer. Arrangements had been made beforehand to permit the doctor to disembark from the cutter by a small boat, and in half an hour or so with his wife and children before the Grand Republic and his cargo from the Arctic Club and Bushwick sailed away.

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Cook, consulting a typewritten sheet or two of notes, he held to the returning explorer there can be no greater pleasure than the appreciation of his own people. Your numbers and cheers make a demonstration of the pride of all the world. I would have preferred to have returned first to American shores, but that pleasure was denied me. Instead I sailed to Denmark. The result has come to you by wire.

"I was a stranger in a strange land there, but the Danes with one voice rose up with enthusiasm and gave me the honor of all other nations our conquest of the pole." [Cheers.]

So great was the racket aboard and so loud just at this moment that Dr. Cook decided not to deliver the last paragraph of his little address. Further up the river he gave out for publication his conclusion.

It ran:

"You have come forward in numbers with a voice of appreciation still more forcible. I can only say that I accept the honor with a due appreciation of its importance. I thank you."

A brawny Dane let loose with a yell for Denmark when Dr. Cook had finished. Somebody else cheered for America. Then a rich brogue broke out for Ireland, and a Brooklynite, requested a cheer for Bird Coler.

BIRD COLER TALKS.

"I regret," began Mr. Coler, whose remarks were even more brief than Dr. Cook's. "I regret that I am not a Mayor as big as the town to welcome you Dr. Cook. You are not only a great explorer but a thorough American gentleman, and Mrs. Cook is a thorough American lady."

After Mr. Coler had put that one over he added an aside to a reporter:

"I noticed," he observed, "that on my way to the pier this morning a lot of yellow streaks on the City Hall."

There was no official welcome for Dr. Cook from Manhattan yesterday.

John J. A. Rogers, high up in the Bushwick committee of 100, then welcomed Dr. Cook briefly in the name of his neighbors, and Capt. Osborn read the letter of regret from the Admiralty dated Poono Lodge, that already has been published. Nobody who wished to shake hands with Dr. Cook did so after this, and all Brooklyn that was not a member of the committee aboard the Grand Republic.

Dr. Cook, his wife and family and his relatives and close friends hurried below as soon as the handshaking was over and remained in a large stateroom while the steamer continued up the river as far as 12th street. Now, as the crowd scattered from where had stood its old, the smallness of the number aboard was more noticeable.

The shouting and the tumult died a bit as the boat climbed higher along the shores of Manhattan. Only when the steamer passed the three French warships here for the first time, the celebration, the Verité, Liberté and Justice, was there a spurt of commotion. On each of the great gray French armor-plated ships the voice of the French salute, and there was much waving of arms from the French sailors that swarmed to starboard. An Italian also passed at close quarters, and her sailors and band also let loose.

WELCOME FROM BROOKLYN.

When the Grand Republic after making a wide circle at 12th street and sailing down the North River, again swung around to the toe of Manhattan and entered her nose up the East River and stood for her dock at South Fifth street, Williamsburg, the biggest noise—even if necessary—short lived—occurred.

The noon hour had come and the shores of the East River were crowded like a minstrel show first part and every body let loose under the impression that the world were merged into one ear-splitting shriek. You could sit next to the main deck band with your head down in the hull of the base horn and never hear a sound.

Away up in the sunlight you could see the cars crossing the Brooklyn Bridge slow down until they almost stopped so that the speed up there too might be heard and wave. Bridge workmen high up among the cables waved their hands perhaps were flags. Down the Brooklyn streets a mad race of beings, and factory windows and sugar refinery roofs and fire escapes were clogged with population. Dr. Cook, now standing up on the deck, saw the mad race of beings, but he did not show it outwardly except when once he saw a man high on the bridge tower and pointed the workmen to his wife.

For the most part he stood with his derby hat jammed down on his head tightly and the bareheaded that crowded the pilot house with him and the doctor. He raised his hat as the boat warped into her dock, for the dock and South Fifth street were jammed with humanity, and where names were hammering and the Home, Sweet Home and the National Air. Ten automobiles only were waiting on the dock, but further up the street it seemed that everybody in Brooklyn could take up an auto, a motorcycle, a car or a horse and carriage and go to work and raked. More brass bands led the way, and the honking and yelling of the motor cars and the rattling of the staid old streets as they never have been stirred before.

EXCITEMENT NEAR FORMER HOME.

The greatest excitement was around the neighborhood of Dr. Cook's old home, Bushwick avenue and the Bushwick Club house, a block further on, where thousands upon thousands lined the curbs and the sidewalks and the streets. Hundreds upon hundreds of children were massed in front of the various schools along the line of parade, and the children, marshaled by the public school teachers, made the noise of the Catholic schools, made the prettiest sight of the day.

After Dr. Cook's public reception to Brooklyn which was during a part of the afternoon, the doctor and his club house an effort was made to get Dr. Cook to talk at least for a few minutes for publication. He had little to say and he was backed up by Mr. Bradley and by members of the club, one of whom tried to prevent interviewers from entering the clubhouse even during the public reception.

Dr. Cook would not talk of Peary or his charges in any way except when told that Mr. Franke is reported to have said that the charge that Peary took some of Dr. Cook's stores.

"I don't know anything about that," said the doctor, but if Franke says so it